THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A PRAYER

O sentinel at the loose-swung door of my impetuous lips,
Guard close to-day!
Make sure no word unjust or cruel slips
In anger forth, by folly spurred or armed with envy's whips;
Keep clear the way to-day.

And watchmen on the cliff scarred heights that lead from heart to mind,
When wolf-thoughts clothed in guile's soft fleece creep up, O be not blind!
But may they pass whose foreheads bear the glowing seal-word "kind,"
Bid them God-speed I pray.

And warden of my soul's stained house where love and hate are born,
O make it clean, if swept must be with pain's rough broom of thorn!
And quiet impose, so straining ears with world-din racked and torn
May catch what God doth say.

—Pearl Arnold Townsend.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

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YOSEMITE.

The authorities agree that the great canyons of the Yosemite are due in part at least to glacial action. Dislocation may have had something to do with their formation, but the probabilities are that erosion was the more important factor. In his book, "The Mountains of California," John Muir says: "The great granite domes a mile high, the canyons as deep as the noble peaks, the Yosemite valley, these and indeed nearly all other features of Sierra scenery are glacial monuments.

"In the development of these nature chose for a tool not the earthquake or lightning to rend and split asunder, not the stormy torrent or eroding rain, but the tender snow-flowers noiselessly falling through unnumbered centuries, the offspring of the sun and sea. Laboring harmoniously in united strength they crushed and ground and wore away the rocks in their march, making vast beds of soil, and at the same time developed and fashioned the landscapes into the delightful variety of hill and dale and lordly mountain that mortals call beauty.

"Our admiration must be excited again and again as we toil and study and learn that this vast job of rockwork, so far-reaching in its influence, was done by agents so fragile and small as these flowers of the mountain clouds. Strong only by force of numbers they carried away entire mountains, particle by particle, block by block, and cast them into the sea; sculptured, fashioned, modeled all the range, and developed its predestined beauty."

Contemplating the works of these flowers of the sky one may easily fancy them endowed with life says Muir: messengers sent down to work in the mountain mines on errands of love. "Silently flying through the darkened air, swirling, glinting to their appointed places, they seem to have taken counsel together, saying, 'Come, we are feeble, let us help one another. We are many, together we will be strong. Marching in close deep ranks let us roll away the stones from these mountain sepulchres, and set the landscapes free. Let us uncover these clustering domes. Here let us carve a lake basin; there a Yosemite valley; here a channel for a river with fluted steps and brows for the plunge of songful cataracts.'" * * *

"Thus and so on it has oftentimes seemed to me sang and planned and labored the hearty snow-flower-crusaders. * * Like morning mist they have vanished in sunshine, all save the few small companies that still linger on the coolest mountain sides."

Could we have been here to observe during the glacial period, continues Muir, "We should have overlooked a wrinkled ocean of ice as continuous as that now covering Greenland, filling every valley and canon, with only the tops of the peaks rising darkly above the rock-encumbered ice-waves, like islets in a stormy sea—those islets the only hint of the glorious landscapes now smiling in the sun.

"Standing here in the deep brooding silence all the wilderness seems motionless as if the work of creation were done. But in the midst of this outer steadfastness we know that there is incessant motion and change. Ever and anon avalanches are falling from yonder peaks. These cliff-bound glaciers, seemingly wedged and immovable, are flowing like water and grinding the ledges beneath them. The lakes are lapping their granite shores and wearing them away, and every one of these rills and young rivers is fretting the air into music and carrying the mountains to the plains. Here are the roots of all the life of the valleys, and here more simply than elsewhere is the eternal flux of nature manifested. Ice changing to water, lakes to meadows and mountains to plains.

"And while we thus contemplate nature's methods of landscape creation; and, reading the records she has carved on the rocks, reconstruct however imperfectly the landscapes of the past, we also learn that as these we now behold have succeeded those of the pre-glacial age, so they in turn are withering and vanishing to be succeeded by others yet unborn."

So much has been written about Yosemite that only a rare genius could say anything new or original about it.

Nothing that the present writer has come across concerning it has more appealed to him than the poems in the little book by Harold Symmes, entitled "Yosemite in Song." Of the Merced River it is said:

Ceaselessly pouring
A thunderous roaring
That echoes through day and through night.

Now over the glacier-carved walls,
From heights that my wild sold enthralls,
In midair outleaping,
With cloud mists outsweeping,
And rainbows that halo my falls.

The lush mountain meadows I lave,
Their emerald with crystal I pave,
As laughingly swirling
I'm fretting and purling
Their marge with my white-lapping wave.

Of Yosemite Falls, the upper fall of which is sixteen hundred feet the poet says:

"A wave of streaming white that falls
And falling flings
Against the gray old granite walls
Its silvery wings."

As to Bridal Veil Falls it is said by the poet:

"Airy, silver spirit,
The soul of a summer cloud,
Thou breath'st of birth celestial
In thy waving filmy shroud
That sways like a silken vesture,
With grace and life endowed."

And this of Nevada Falls, under the caption of "Wild Waters":

Like outburst volcanic
Of forces titanic
She flings her white storm flood far forth on the air;
A body stupendous,
Some wild thing tremendous,
That leaps like a beast from its high mountain lair.

Concerning Half Dome, a peak five thousand feet above the floor of the valley, we find this:

All day it crouches sphinx-like, lion-shaped,
Gray-hued and bare beneath the sun, alone;
Within its heart forever unescaped
Sealing the secret of the living stone;
Its birth, its life, its destiny
Tombed in a gray-souled mystery.

Of the great cliff El Capitan, Professor Whitney writes: "El Capitan is an immense block of granite, projecting squarely out into the valley, and presenting an almost vertical sharp edge, 3,300 feet in elevation. The sides or walls of the mass are bare, smooth, and entirley destitute of vegetation. It is almost impossible for the observer to comprehend the enormous dimensions of this rock, which in clear weather can be distinctly seen from the San Joaquin plains at a distance of fifty or sixty miles. Nothing, however, so helps to a realization of the magnitude of these masses about the Yosemite as climbing around and among them. Let the visitor begin to ascend the pile of debris which lies at the base of El Capitan, and he will soon find his ideas enlarged on the point in question. And yet these debris piles along the cliffs, and especially under El Capitan, are of insignificant size compared with the dimensions of the solid wall itself. They are hardly noticeable in taking a general view of the valley. El Capitan imposes on us by its stupendous bulk, wihch seems as if hewed from the mountain on purpose to stand as the type of eternal massiveness."

Dr. Bunnell, the discoverer of Yosemite, wrote as to El Capitan:

"While passing El Capitan I felt like saluting, as I would some dignified acquaintance."

Harold Symmes thus addresses El Capitan:

"A king thou art with all a king's nobility,
Erect in sovereign form of kingly majesty;
Fearless, serene and proud, a mighty testament
Of bodied force, of naked strength, magnificent."

Some recent visitors to Yosemite found that walking at a moderate pace they were forty-five minutes in passing the face of El Capitan; and later, timing the stage, they found that it was twenty minutes in passing the face of the cliff.

In none other of our great national parks is there so great a diversity of attractions as are to be found in Yosemite. The meadows and the trees add their charm to that of the mountains and the cataracts and fascinating trails lead in all directions. One of our poets has written of the meadows:

"A lake of emerald grasses,
Wind-winnowed 'neath the blue,
Lush and deep and fragrant,
With snow springs purling through."

Saint Bernard said long ago to his pupils: "You will find something greater in the woods than in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters." Bernard declared that the oaks and beeches of Clairvaux had been his best teachers in theology, and that what he had learned to understand from Scripture had been taught him chiefly by the woods and fields.

"A tree is one of nature's words to man, a word of peace to man;
A word that tells of central strengths from whence all things began;
A word to preach tranquillity to all our restless clan."

The present writer felt, after two weeks in Yosemite, that he could say with the poet:

"O gods of this wonderful vale,
My brothers in stream, cliff and tree,
Thy communion shall ever prevail
To exalt and to deify me!"

AN EXPERIMENT IN COOPERATION

The American Missionary Association, the American Bible Society, and the Presbyterian, Methodist, and other missionary boards are co-operating in sending Dr. C. R. Hager, of Claremont, on a tour of the Chinese communities of the state, with the special purpose of holding union evangelistic services among the Chinese, and of investigating the religious conditions and opportunities. He will make special effort to come in touch with large numbers of unevangelized Chinese in cities and country, and to interest local churches in the religious needs of their Oriental neighbors.

Dr. Hager is well known in the state, having graduated from Pacific Theological Seminary gefore going as a missionary to China under the American Board. He was supported in his work in Hongkong and the Canton Province by the foreign missionary offerings of the Redlands church.

His unquenchable missionary enthusiasm is shown by his work for the Hindus about Claremont. Twenty or thirty come from long distance to the Sunday School class which he has organized. This Sunday School class at Claremont is almost the only organized religious work for Hindus besides short trips to their camps in various parts of the state by the agents of the Bible Society.

One of the few missionaries from China who are able to speak the dialect of the Chinese in California, Dr. Hager is specially fitted for direct evangelistic work among them. He knows the home villages and often the relatives of those he meets in the Chinese communities, having traveled and preached very extensively in the district from which the Chinese emigrate to America. His many years of work

there were remarkably successful in winning adherents to Christianity, and among his earliest converts was Sun Yat Sen, who last January was chosen first president of the new republic of China.

This statewide evangelistic campaign, following the special series of evangelistic meetings among the Chinese in San Francisco and Oakland, which were so remarkably successfully, is one of the tangible results of the federation of superintendents of Oriental missions work recently formed. It has a unique interest as an effort to demonstrate the possibility and efficiency of federated work for Orientals.

All the missionary societies co-operating in this work most heartily commend it to the sympathy and help of their churches and missions throughout the state.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

An open-air Greek Theatre is to be built by the University of Wisconsin.

The regents of the University of Michigan have provided $1,230,000 for the expenses of the University the coming year.

Roman Catholic statistics give as adherents of Rome in the United States 15,015,569 persons. In the state of New York there are 2,778,076; in Pennsylvania 1,616,920; in Illinois 1,147,400; in Massachusetts, 1,381,212; in Ohio 745,271; Louisiana, 583,000; Michigan, 554,320; New Jersey, 502,000; California, 399,500.

Clark College at Worcester, Massachusetts is a young and unique educational institution which is rapidly coming to the front. It offers a three years' course of study which leads to the degree of A. B. This is made possible by prohibiting the distractions of intercollegiate athletics, by keeping the Faculty large in proportion to the number of students, so that classes are small and each man has the advantage of the closest contact with his instructors, and by admitting and allowing to remain in the college those who show themselves of sufficient ability to do the work. Thus a maximum of training is given in a minimum of time. Every year the college draws more and more widely from the earnest and serious-minded students of New England. In order to make the plan successful a careful economy of time, a proper adjustment and grouping of courses, and earnest and strenuous work is necessary. Nevertheless a large number of student activities thrive.

The town theatre movement is growing in Germany. A few large cities, of which Cologne is chief, have now municipal theatres. Sometimes the municipalities build and run their own theatres: sometimes they build them only, but lease them to private individuals who are bound by contract to give cheap or free performances to school children. Some towns which have no municipal theatres subsidize the private theatre on condition that it is run for the public benefit. Experience, however, shows that even relatively small towns can afford municipal theatres. Freiburg (Baden), a town of 60,000 inhabitants, lately spent $800,000 on a municipal theatre, designed by the famous Berlin architect, Scheeling. The Freiburg theatre is one of the finest in Europe. These municipal theatres are able to cut out the privately owned theatres. In some the dearest seats are only 75 cents; and at "popular performances" the best seats sometimes cost only 12 cents.

Open-air religious meetings are rapidly multiplying under the direction of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City. One of the distinguishing features of the tent, open-air, and shop campaigns is the number of "auxiliary meetings" held in co-operation with the young people's societies and brotherhood of churches of all denominations. The New York Post says: "He who strolls along avenue or boulevard in the early evening, especially on Sunday, is more than likely to find himself running into a devotional service at some street corner or on the steps of a church. The close union of clergymen and laymen in the work of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City is nowhere more signally demonstrated than in the conduct of the auxiliary meetings. Several churches have already swung into line for this season, among them the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Rutgers Church, Washington Square Methodist Episcopal, Elmendorf Chapel (Reformed Church): audiences of 500 or more assemble, with frequently a large number remaining to the later service indoors. Last summer over 48,000 attended the auxiliary meetings. Especial training for this work is given each winter at the sessions of the Evangelistic Institute, where young men and women meet for instruction in personal work and open-air speaking."

Remarking that "working with God has come to have a broader meaning," The Christian Register continues: "It is beginning to take in the farmer's work and housework and mechanical work, as well as praying and preaching, or laboring to persuade people to believe valuable doctrine. And why not? for in doing these every-day duties we are making the world better, and in some cases we are carrying on a process that may be called creation. Mr. Burbank is by no means the only one who is creating new flowers and new fruits—better ones than we had before. Agriculture has been lifted to a higher plane of effort. Has not housework also begun to embrace in that simple term a large number of the sciences, chemistry, botany, and some departments of animal biology? A woman who cooks wisely, cooks conscientiously. Not much can be said in favor of the mechanic who does not do his automobile building in the same way; that is, with a conscientious regard for the safety as well as pleasure of his customers. This explains why architecture in the old cathedral building was a sacred affair. It was sacred simply because it was done conscientiously. Working with God takes in play as well as work; and once more we ask why not? for play, if it is not direct creation, is well labelled recreation."

The Roman Catholic journal, "America," remarks: "To one who reflects for a moment on the unwavering faith and the clear-cut formulas of belief in the Church of Rome, reinforced by a spiritual authority over her subjects which commands and exacts respect and loyalty, the defections of youthful aspirants to the ministry from a Church which welcomes all comers and tolerates every shade of theological belief, will appear as a natural and logical result. All through the ages the Mother Church of Christendom has witnessed the defections of her children as well as the return to the fold of those, or the children of those, who exchanged the position of sons for that of open and implacable foes. Catholics who remember the conversion of Newman and Manning, and a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, of Silliman Ives, the Protestant Episcopal

Bishop of North Carolina, and James Roosevelt Bailey, who became Archbishop of Baltimore, to say nothing of the mighty host of converts distinguished in every walk of life, will not be surprised that three youthful seminarians should be influenced to accept the claims of a Church for reasons which appeal to the untutored, as well as the most learned and accomplished. Unless the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church has in the past few years undergone a considerable change in the personnel of its teaching staff and in its standard of orthodoxy, no prophet will be needed to foretell that many more aspirants to the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church will follow the example of Rome's latest recruits."

A SUNDAY IN DENVER.

W. N. Burr.

One of the big Denver dailies yesterday filled about a quarter of one of its pages with big black display type which read as follows: "What Are You Going to Do Sunday? Maybe you are going to take a trip to one of the many beautiful resting-places in the mountains around Denver. Maybe you are going to stay at heme and rest with the family. Maybe you are going to work at the office in the morning and stay with the children in the afternoon while your wife and older daughters go for a visit to friends. It doesn't make any difference. Get the Big Sunday ———. It's the best in the Western newspaper field," etc., etc. Thus this paper advertised its Sunday edition, including its "Unexcelled Sunday Magazine," and its colored supplement of "funnies." It appealed to the craving for pleasure, for business, for home-rest, for visiting, for travel, for "news," for almost everything under the sun that is comparatively superficial; but there was no recognition of the deeper life for which Sunday stands, and which the Great Creator has always had in mind from the time He began to reveal to man the ways he would better take for his strongest and finest life. Sunday may not necessarily stand for the formality of church-going, but one day in seven ought to be stanidng for something deeper and finer than the ordinary present-day daily-newspaper conception of Sunday. The Sunday newspaper with Sunday left out is helping to train a host of people to build up their physical, social, and somewhat their intellectual life, and to neglect their spiritual life, which is the heart of it all. It is true people can follow the crowd that goes anywhere but to church, and gather food for their souls, but they don't. That is not the food they are looking for. Society's saving element will yet be found to be among those who have enough strength of character to resist the power of the superficial tide and go in spite of it to the place appointed for spiritual upbuilding. The groves may have been "God's first temples," but God is not in those holy temples now that the Sunday picnickers have taken possession. Until the money-changers and the mere pleasure-seekers are driven out of God's first temples one who wants to find God and feed his soul on the manna of the deeper life will have to go to church.

I wanted something more than the newspaper had to offer, so I sought one of the temples made with hands that I might have fellowship with men and women whose souls cry out for God. It was Plymouth Congregational church that attracted me, the church that licensed me to preach the gospel when my name was on its membership roll, in the days before it was known as "Plymouth." The present pastor of this church, Rev. Frank T. Bailey, preaches to all of us every week through his "children's sermon" in The Congregationalist, and I wanted to hear him in his own pulpit. He was there, with his eye on his flock and his shepherd-heart evidently full of loving solicitude for the souls committed to his care. But he did not preach this morning. There sat beside him on the platform that veteran missionary, Dr. Joseph K. Greene, of Constantinople, and a great map of Turkey hung behind them.

Some of us who have been Congregationalists all our lives have been familiar with the name of Dr. Joseph K. Greene almost all our lives, though we have started on our second half century; for Dr. Greene "went out to Turkey fifty-three years ago last winter," and there he has invested his splendid life. His hair is "white as the driven snow," and his form is slightly bent with the weight of years, but his voice is strong and his mind is clear, and he seems good for some years of service yet. He is one of the men who evidently cannot be stopped by any "dead line in the ministry"—he just steps over it and forges ahead.

Dr. Greene read the Scripture lesson—one of the strong promise chapters in Isaiah—and led in the prayer of intercession. He pled for favored America, that this great nation might not go wasting its substance in riotous or weak living; he pled for the American church; and for America's busy men and women and eager children, that they might not allow their ears to become dull to the call of the Spirit. I thought of the hosts of people whose life apparently runs little deeper than the ethics of the daily newspaper, and I joined my prayer with that of the grand old missionary that our Israel might be saved—saved from that "worst of deaths, a lamp's death when, replete with oil, it chokes," to use Browning's figure. As the old saint prayed on there came to mind words I once heard uttered by a missionary at home on furlough: "I am eager for the day when I shall be back with my work in Turkey, for my heart longs for the Christian fellowship, the communion of saints, that I do not find here in our American churches." I do not believe that the spiritual life of American Christians is drifting, in a general sense, towards "the lamp's death;" but the spirit of the day calls pathetically for a larger force of American Christians who, having caught the spirit of the Master, shall sense the great facts of human need and shall pray with Him, "for their sakes I sanctify myself."

In his introductory remarks Dr. Bailey said: "We waited long here in Colorado for the springtime to open this year. All the time God had it in His purpose that our springtime should come. And now it is springtime in God's great world garden, a time of disturbance, of awakening, of the putting forth of leaf and blossom giving promise of a time of an abundant fruitage. Among the lands to feel the throb of new life is Turkey. And here is Dr. Greene to tell us about it. This church has been helping this man, who for more than fifty years has been sowing the seed of the Kingdom in Turkey, to do his work that has now come to its blossom-time."

Then Dr. Greene told us of Turkey. And he is an authority on that ground. He knows Turkey as Dr. Arthur Smith knows China. He flung its geography at us, its history, its darkness and its light. He told the story of the revolutionary Young Turks, and graphically pictured

the surrender of the Sultan and his banishment to Salonica, where he "rests from his labors" today. He told what the Young Turks had already accomplished in the way of giving to the world a freer and finer Turkey—a thoroughly reformed army and navy; freedom of religious procession—his story of the mission children marching through the streets of Stamboul singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," Mrs. Marden at the head, the streets crowded with Turks and not a sign of disturbance, was a telling picture of the new day in Turkey; freedom of the press; freedom of education, opening new ways of approach to the Mohammedans, etc., etc. And "the Young Turks acknowledged," said he, "that Turkey had been prepared for the new constitution by the work of the missionaries." "The Young Turks themselves are not wise in all their working, they have made some mistakes, but they have opened the way for righteousness to be taking possession and making strong the old Sick Man of the East. The critical question in Turkey today is: Can the Young Turks hold out until the old Turks die off? There is, however, no short cut to Mohammedan conversion —as God has been patient so must we. But, as another once said, 'Tell me not of the difficulties of the way, but help me to remember Him who has said, Lo, I am with you all the way.' "

This evening I attended a Presbyterian church with friends and enjoyed a quiet, simple, uplifting service that brought us all near to God. The earnest young pastor spoke out from a loving heart a very tender appeal based upon the Masters Words, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." His message came as the Master might have spoken it, not strongly denunciatory, but yearningly, tenderly, lovingly. It is not true, as is sometimes said, that "ministers are not preaching Christ in these days." I find men wherever I go who are giving their message under the inspiration of The Vision Beautiful.

Denver, Colorado, June 9, 1912.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Two Wonderful Hotels.

It is a part of a liberal education to see them. One is at Mohonk in New York State on the west side of the Hudson, about two hours ride from New York City. Its projectors were the famous Smiley Brothers, who later made Smiley Heights at Redlands a smiling garden of delight. I saw the happy men at work upon the bare and sandy hills the first day they began the marvellous transformation there. Superintendent Ford, of precious memory, accompanied me and the hills were so steep and rugged we prided ourselves on our successful driving. The taste and energy which at evening time made their personal winter home a joy have adorned the rocks, lakes and hills of Mohonk with a great Chateau which cultivated New Yorkers rank among the very best. These Quaker Hotel men are good—not goody-goody. They are strict Sabbatarians. Their boats do not glide the glassy lakes Sundays. Their sleek and handsome horses have a Sabbath rest. I do not say a guest would be turned away who came Sunday, or that a patron might not leave if necessity required for my inquiries and my experience have not been finical. Quite the opposite. But if a wide-awake Californian has any curiosity to see what Sabbath loving and Sabbath keeping real lords of the land can do with methods some worldlings deem very old-fashioned, by all means let him plan to see Mohonk on a visit which includes Sunday. The most refined people of the East crowd Mohonk. It has most select and wide patronage. These practical and generous Christians open their immense Establishment for a world-wide Charity Conference every autumn. The noblest of the land are their guests for days. I use the word Charity in its largest meaning. "Dependent Races" have their hearing. They began with the American Indians, but now no man suffers anywhere who may not find a worthy champion at Mohonk. May God bless it—bless the pioneers who have made the home Mecca of such sweet fame —and keep the new generation of Smileys up to the standard of the fragrant and inspiring past.

As there are fishermen who never struck a tuna at Catalina, so there are travelers who have never registered at Mission Inn, Riverside, Cal. There, too, is a marvelous inn which must be seen to be appreciated. It is a growth from the hospitable home of Captain Miller of Wisconsin, a noble soldier of Colonel-General-Bishop Fallows, Wisconsin regiment. Its development from the cement cabin to occupy Riverside's most notable block, has been a marvel of the good taste and energy of Frank A. Miller, Captain Miller's energetic and gifted son. There are many American inns which surpass the Mission in splendor, but in all the world I do not know its equal for fascinating originality and delicious homeiness. Instead of a hint at its many and varied attractions I will tell you a true story of what a wide traveler said of it who met the versatile and tireless proprietor of the Mission Inn in a stage coast in the Bavarian mountains. I vouch for its truth, I know. A big corporation had a dream of a great and up-to-date hotel in Yosemite. They got so far as to send Frank Miller abroad to look up hotel novelties and attractions.

In the frank conference of the swaying coach the travelers got near enough to each other to disclose their errands. "If you want to see the most interesting hotel in the world you have come to the wrong country. Go back to America, to Riverside in Southern California, and see the Mission Inn." The revelation of identity was interesting. Frank Miller did not tell me this, but I cared to interview another who was in that coach. When I hear a good California story I prove it true before I pass it on. Frank Miller's heart is as big as the Smiley heart. If his bank account were as big he would have a charity conference every year. When the Indian Association were his guests the Indians gave him a valuable breast pin for he won their love and confidence as he does everybody.

A Model Hillside Resort.

I won't tell you its name. It is worth hunting for. It is small and very unpretending. But, oh, dear! how winsome and satisfying it is. What a sweet taste it leaves in a hungry mouth. What a pleasant memory in a rested body and a grateful heart. There's not the first trace of architecture about it. No graveled walks. No flower beds. No sign, "Don't pick the flowers." No gaudy furniture. No painful style. But there is genuine homeiness. Real sincerity of interest—pleasant words, kind attention and a persistently satisfying home table. California has many streams as cool, water cresses as green, but few mountain homes have such arts of simple and delightful cookery and

unwwaveringly polite waiters. Incidentally, this home seems to have settled the labor problem. Visitors passing by the bright kitchen do not see tired and perspiring maids washing great trays of dishes alone at evening time. Men are helping them. They are not playing cards alone, having done eight hours on the farm. It is a happy scene and it keeps up. The kitchen cheerfulness pervades the parlor. The guests sing songs instead of spinning yarns of gossip. I think "the little church around the corner" has something to do with it for they tell me there has been a last revival of religion there. The master and mistress go to church, the young men and maidens go to Christian Endeavor, and guests go in large part because ture religion, which makes a real home happy, is always contagious and interesting.

Saratoga's New Inn.

I have been thinking about blessed big hotels, and a satisfying Hillside Home, because my good neighbors have been opening a promising little inn which I trust may realize an interesting and useful history. No doubt the business men would be glad of an honorable return from their investment, but if I have listened to the talk impartially the hotel is the outgrowth of a high ideal of citizenship. It is an enlarged and transformed home. The rooms are charming, fresh, dainty. The colors are pleasing. The furniture is well selected. The table is abundant. There are sunny porches, and there is ample shade. A living brook runs near the house. It is safe for barefooted kiddies to fish for trout. I have eaten "speckled beauties" from that stream. A lad with a little string of fresh fish is rarely turned away from my door. Ninety-nine citizens who found their local pride stirred by a fine opening banquet for our new inn entertained guests from far and near and bade good Mrs. Scott, the hostess of the inn, Godspeed., May the useful work develop and grow. In days to come, may writers and speakers who dwell on the manifold charm of Santa Clara's hills and valleys, recall pleasing suggestions of Saratoga's Inn.

DID JESUS REPEAT HIMSELF?

W. C. Pond.

I listened recently to a noble discourse by Rev. R. W. Farquhar, on cross-bearing as essential in discipleship to Christ. He remarked at the outset upon the frequent repetitions of this requisition, in varying forms and upon different occasions. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." He found in this reiteration a token of the emphasis which Christ put upon this condition of discipleship—and in all this I agreed with him. But I was led to question with myself: Is not this the first time that I ever heard it confessed and even affirmed that Jesus repeated himself? He was like the rest of us preachers, giving the same sermon over and over again to different audiences and with modifications to suit varied occasions!

I have often pored over the desperate efforts of commentators of one school to reconcile the apparent discrepancies in different reports of Christ's sayings, and of those of another school, recognizing perhaps too willingly the discrepancy, acknowledging that one or the other or both of the evangelists were mistaken; then out of the mass (or the mess) undertaking to determine what the Master really said. Both these labors are found to be needless if we once for all conceive that Jesus, like all good preachers and teachers, did use again and again substantially the same train of thought, modified in expression as I have said to match different audiences or varied circumstances.

That this really must have been the case is so clearly apparent as to make the suggestion of it sound like a truism. And yet for lack of recognition of it, how much scholarly toil has been—shall I say it?—stupidly wasted!

One of the most glaring instances of this is in the efforts made recently in comments on our Sunday school lessons, to determine which of the two reports of the sermon on the Mount—that given by Matthew or that given by Luke—is the correct one. I have not observed a single writer—though doubtless there may have been many outside the range of my observing—who said that both were correct, because Jesus preached the sermon twice. And yet that this was so stands out distinctly.

Both evangelists say that Jesus went up into a mountain, and Luke seems to intimate that the occasion for this was the formal appointment of the twelve men who were to be henceforth the constant companions of Jesus, and who, with one sad exception, were to be sent as his apostles upon the great commission to make disciples of all nations. Mark corroborates this intimation, speaks of their going up the mountain, but does not give either discourse.

Now Matthew distinctly declares that it was on the **mountain** that Jesus **sat down** and his **disciples** came unto him. It was a private occasion; Jesus and the twelve alone. Luke with equal distinctiveness says (6:17) that when Jesus **came down** with these appointed disciples, he **stood** on a level place, and after a period which may have covered several hours, devoted to healings; then in the presence of this crowd, he lifted up his eyes upon his disciples and said "Blessed are ye poor." But beginning thus he soon broadens his address. From speaking to his disciples he turns to the listening crowd with "Wo unto you that are rich," and from this point speaks to "you that hear." The sermon is the same in substance with that given to the disciples privately, but much condensed and with significant modifications. I am sure that it would be an interesting and rewarding study to note in detail these differences and seek the reasons for them. Some of these are quite obvious.

In the first place this discourse beginning in the presence of the crowd and almost at once addressed to it, is short. It occupies only 28 verses—less than are found in each of three chapters in Matthew. We can all recognize the wisdom of this brevity in dealing with an excited and restless crowd.

In the second place, he omits in addressing the crowd, any criticism of the Scribes and Pharisees, while what may be called the main proposition in the private discourse to his disciples is this: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Those twelve disciples had become prepared for this frank declaration of the conflict which would become inevitable, between the idea of righteousness as a condition of acceptance with God which **He** is called to set forth and establish as a standard among men, and that taught and practised by the Pharisees. But the time had not yet come

for him to precipitate this conflict. Jesus, like the Father whom he came to reveal, was longsuffering, and while the hour would come when to the shallowness, the hypocrisies, the hidden cruelties and uncleanness of these devotees of a Pharisaic righteousness, he would hurl his warnings and woes with a force and an intensity unequalled in any literature; but the time for this had not yet come.

Again, there is in the sermon reported by Luke and addressed to the crowd, a certain brusqueness of expression, startling, contradicting all prior popular conceptions in a way to set men at first in revolt, but in that very fact to set them at thinking, inquiring, possibly even coming about to Jesus and asking him to explain. The woes are absent in speaking to the disciples privately, but they sound out with warning and loving power, upon the crowd.

Just to notice this fact which is set forth so distinctly that this discourse, though one in substance, was delivered twice—and some parts of it possibly many times—line upon line, precept upon precept, removes all the difficulties, the supposed inconsistencies to which I referred, and opens both forms of the discourse to a comparative study which would render to the earnest student rich rewards.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

Rev. Joseph Rowell.

A Trip to the Pearl Islands.

Victor Plise, the chief pearl merchant of Panama, a man educated in England and the United States from whom I received a great deal of information about his native land, invited me to go with him on a trip to the Pearl Islands, about fifty miles down the bay, where a ship of his was loading pearl shells for Europe. I was glad of the invitation because it enabled me to supply another community with Spanish Bibles. He took me to the best house (of bamboo canes, and thatched) on the island where, as the guest of the magnate, I was given the chamber of state, in three corners of which were three sitting hens and in the other a pile of saddles and bridles. The cocks, roosting over me, took care that I should not sleep late in the morning. At breakfast every one helped himself with his own spoon to the one dish (san coche stew), and manners generally were decidedly primitive, while much effort was made to treat me royally; so distinguished a guest was a rare experience for them.

It dd not take me long to complete my Bible work, and then I was at liberty to study the people. They were of the usual mixed race of the country, the Indian predominating, and for this reason a superior class, active, stalwart and very independent, but very kindly. Their mornings were given to diving for pearl oysters, and the afternoons to opening the shells. They lived in a constant gambling excitement, because, while they received a stated sum per hundred shells, as wages, all the pearls they might find were prizes, which the merchant bought of them at agreed rates. and should any one find a large pearl, he would be a rich man for life. Such finds, however, were extremely rare, and very few of the divers, even with years of labor, ever have this good fortune. One shell in ten may contain pearls, but nearly all of these were small, and worth but little. Mr. Plise told me that he had one pear shaped pearl, nearly an inch long, and that he had spent all the years of his mature life in trying to match it. Could he find its mate he would go to Europe and sell the pair for a sum that would make him the richest man in the country, but he would probably die before the pearl would be found. What a petty ambition controls most human lives!

These pearl fishers sometimes carry a stone in their arms to make them sink faster, but most of them trust to their skill in diving. Some of them acquire the habit of staying under water for two or three minutes. The boats from which they dive are stationed over places where oysters are known to be, the diver reaches the bottom as soon as possible, tears a few oysters from the rocks, and hurries up to his boat, then rests and breathes for a few minutes and dives again. I am told that none of them lives to be very old. On the whole the shells bring much more money than the pearls found in them, but the gambling spirit seems to be the main stimulus to the whole business. All parties are constantly on the lookout for rare pearls. Some of the men fish for many years without finding a pearl worth a hundred dollars.

One of the divers, seeing me collecting shells (not pearl) for my cabinet, told me of some strange large shells that he had seen on the rocks forty feet under water. I gave him a dollar for which he went down and brought up for me a half dozen of a rare species—a huge wytilous, which I have never seen in any other cabinet. It was a well spent dollar. When I opened the shells a small crowd of divers gathered about me to see what I should find. I got about a dozen of small black pearls of no value.

What trifling fools men are! We are immortals and kin to Almighty God, and yet most of us spend this mortal life in a gambling search for mere trifles, of very small value now, and worth nothing whatever for the endless life beyond. These poor narrow visioned pearl fishers are just as wise as the rest of us, with their vision bounded by their narrow horizon, while our great and wise ones do just the same thing, the only difference being a wider or narrower horizon. Oh, that all of us may learn that greater grizes than pearls are within our reach!

THE JEWS AND PALESTINE.

Dr. J. L. Magnes, a Jewish Rabbi, who returned recently from Palestine, is urging Jews to go there and engage in agricultural pursuits. According to Dr. Magnes, Palestine is rapidly becoming a most attractive place to live in. The changes he found since his last trip, five years ago, he says were marvelous. Five years ago the Jews in Palestine were in deadly fear of their neighbors, the Arabs. Now they defy them to cross the borders. Then the Jews controlled only four colonies, whereas now they hold more than a dozen. Then the existing colonists were unorganized, whereas now they have organization along the most advanced lines and have institutions which here are still considered chimeras.

The people are happy in Palestine. They are working and they are prospering. They are so happy that they must needs sing all the time for sheer enthusiasm. And they have reason to sing.

"Public-spirited men have created a new set of conditions there. There is no more fever from the marshes. The Jews who have come there from the most populous ghettos of Russia have grown to be free and healthy farmers. There are workingmen's colonies. There are communistic colonies, with good, fat treasuries, which hope within three years to be in full possession of the land which they till. There are co-operative societies whose farms are superior to any that Palestine has ever witnessed.

They use the best of agricultural implements. They have a scale of wages, and the wages paid to at least one man I met were greater than he got for the same work in New York City.

Philanthropic colonization has come to an end. The era of real scientific colonization has begun. That is what is making the Holy Land prosper. Near Mount Carmel, where the greatest improvements are to be found, there is, for instance, an agricultural experiment station which is doing wonderful work. The scientists are now trying to find soil adaptable to the culture of the mulberry tree, which is needed to raise silk worms, and which ought to make Palestine in years to come a great exporter of fine silks. Wild wheat, which has been growing for centuries, too, has been blended with Western wheat, and has given the colonists bread.

Then there is a Health Bureau, and a man no longer finds it necessary to take quinine each night before going to bed. This great institution for the health of the colonists was given by Nathan Straus.

"And they have in Palestine," the rabbi continued, "a Jewish institute for Technology, which was also a gift of a public-spirited man. All these are signs of the great awakening and prosperity.

"No longer can Palestine be called a barren spot. There is hardly a foot of soil which cannot be turned to good advantage. The climate—and this may surprise many—is not as hot in summer as that of New York, and the winters are much warmer. On Feb. 28 last the water of the Sea of Tiberius was so warm that bathing was quite possible. One finds running water in many houses, too. At the crossings there are real 'Look out for trains' signs, and in the parks the signs tell people to 'Keep off the grass.'

"What the further development of Palestine requires are men and women who can give it a part of their brains and energy. Men with a little capital, willingness, and a love for the land are indeed welcome. The agricultural settlements are always asking for more men. If the people of Palestine, like the promoters of California, knew how to bottle pears and peaches and send them broadcast, with millions of copies of 'boosting' literature, I would perhaps not find it necessary to tell you of this promising land. That is what they need—the California idea. New colonies are now being opened up, and the time is ripe for a clinching of these opportunities.

"Now, what are the causes for this great development? Some say it is the new Turkish constitution. Doubtless that is to some extent true. But some say that the new Turkish constitution is a hindrance to the Jew. I think one of the chief causes is hard work by willing workers. Besides, the men who have come from other lands and who have given their services and money are the chief factors. Greatest of all, however, is the Zionist movement, the movement which is furthering Israel's matchless love for Palestine, and which has for its aim that the Jewish people shall have its fortress where its traditions and religion started. And, in that land, I am glad to say, those traditions and the principles of that sacred religion have been scrupulously maintained."

God mend his heart who cannot fee.
The impulse of a holy zeal,
And sees not, with his sordid eyes,
The beauty of self-sacrifice! —Derne.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

The Rev. Herbert A. Jump of the First Congregational Church of Oakland will give an address at the Christian Endeavor Convention in Fresno on Sunday, June 30. On the first of July he will leave for the east where he will spend his vacation.

Apropos to the article by Marshall Dawson in last weeks Pacific, entitled, "Clean Up," is the following from the Record of Christian Work: "A colporteur in South Carolina, walking many miles through mud, accosted a passerby and suggested the purchase of the Bible. He was refused. The next day, after a night's rest and cleanup, he set up his stand in town and had the pleasure of selling a Bible to the very man who had refused to purchase the day before. 'I met a muddy man yesterday with Bibles,' said he, 'who looked like a Methodist tramp. When I buys a Bible I buys it from a Baptist gentleman.' "

The Rev. Josiah Sims of Nevada City has entered on his fortieth year as pastor of the Congregational Church of Nevada City. The Grass Valley Morning Union says: "During Mr. Sims' thirty-nine years of service his ministrations and teachings have covered an almost unlimited scope, and his painstaking religious training has directed the path of hundreds along a Christianly and more enlightening route. His innumerable acts of kindness in the sick chamber and to those in distress have been performed without ostentation and the true amount of good that he has accomplished will probably never be known." The Nevada City correspondent says: "During his long years of pleasant relations with the members of the First Congregational church and the citizens of the entire community no event was more productive of such sweet rejoicing than that which marked the passing of the 39th milestone of Rev. Josiah Sims' pastorate in this city. The anniversary was observed in the parlors of the church Sunday evening. Every bit of seating space was utilized by the many friends of the pastor and many were turned away, being unable to secure seating accommodations."

The Efficiency Committee of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento says on a recent calendar: "Our outlook is brightening. Our constituency of earnest minds is growing. We are getting a new name. 'It is interesting,' says Winston Churchill, 'to fix the time when a name becomes a talisman, and passes current for power.' We are sure that the name of this Church is becoming talismanic again with the touch of power. The Church is attracting attention and earning a new tide by the tone of its worship and by the type of its preaching. Our services are musically distinctive and devotionally impressive, while the sermons are broad in range of thought but deep in interpretation of life. We aim to be like all churches, yet different—not different in oddity or exclusiveness, but different in emphasis and in atmosphere. We are coming to our own and our own are coming to us. As we keep intact and inspirational our circle at the public altar, others will feel the magnetism of our fellowship and be drawn to our communion. Days of enlargement and enrichment are before us." Then the appeal to each member is: "We look to you as one of the increasing number who are to make the name of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento a praise in our city and a talisman indeed.'

"New Yorkers may not be able to point to an organist who has served one church continuously as such for forty years, as is the case with Samuel D. Mayer of San Francisco, whose remarkable record was told in this column last Saturday," says the New York Post. "We have a pretty close second to Mr. Mayer, though, in Dr. Victor Baier of Trinity Church. Dr. Baier's service with old Trinity goes back for forty-one years, for he began as a choirboy. This year he is celebrating the completion of his fifteenth year as organist and choirmaster. Forty-one years ago Trinity inserted an advertisement in the Staats-Zeitung, calling for the presentation of candidates for the boy choir. This was in February, 1871. A boy soprano was needed, and young Victor Baier applied and got the job, at the age of ten years. That was the beginning of Dr. Baier's long service with Trinity. Dr. Messiter took him in hand, and within three years he was the soprano soloist of the choir. Young Baier, some time before his voice broke, took up the study of music with Dr. Messiter, maintaining his connection with the church meanwhile, and in 1884 he was appointed assistant to Dr. Messiter. In all his forty-one years at Trinity there has been but one change in the office of organist and choirmaster—that was in 1897 when Dr. Messiter retired and Dr. Baier was appointed in his place. It is worthy of note, also, that in this period of almost a generation and a half Dr. Baier has served under two rectors, Dr. Morgan Dix, who was rector for forty-six years, and the present incumbent, Dr. William T. Manning."

The Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, who is professor of theology in the Doshisha, at Kyoto, Japan, dined recently with several eminent Japanese in Tokio on invitation from them and discussed the religious situation. There were present among others the Professor of Philosophy and Religion in the Imperial University, the Chief of the Department of Philanthropic Institutions and the Vice-Minister of Home Affairs. After the conference Dr. Gulick wrote letters to each of the distinguished men, giving in brief a statement of the essence of Christianity as he understands it. In those letters he said: "Religion is a universal phenomenon because it is the product of a religious nature shared by all races, and its differences are due to the differing circumstances under which the various historical religions have developed. The new times demand a religion corresponding to our new universal knowledge and life. Because I am a Christian, I am highly dissatisfied with much that has claimed to be Christianity in the past. Within organized Christianity today there is much traditionalism, dogmatism, ritualism, sacerdotalism, ecclesiasticism that is harmful, and that accordingly should be done away with. As a missionary I came to Japan not to proclaim a certain kind of philosophy or creed, not to teach a ritual, but only to make known the person of Jesus Christ —to try not only to live like Jesus myself, but to get others to be Christ-like. This is what I regard as the kernel of Christianity, its essence. Here is its vitality. All the rest is clothing, form. The clothing and forms must change. But Christianity is a specific kind of life, filial in relation to God, brotherly in relation to man. Fellowship with Jesus can maintain the spirit even when external forms of faith and creed change." Dr. Gulick is supported in his work in Japan by the First Congregational Church of Oakland of which church he is a member. Recently he sent copies of the letters written by him to these eminent Japanese to the Oakland church and asked if his statement was satisfactory. The letters were read at a prayer meeting not long ago and a vote of acquiescence was passed.

HOW WE LOOK TO A NEWCOMER.

At the San Francisco ministers' meeting last Monday, Rev. Herbert A. Jump of the First Church of Oakland gave informally some of the comments upon the West which he intended to take back East with him on his vacation this year. "I have been here now for about twenty-one weeks. My impressions have come 'of age,' so I can let them loose.

"The Pacific Coast is a great place for warm-heartedness and it is a great place for enthusiasm. I never saw such workers. I was telling a young friend this morning, a boy of about four, who is a guest at the house,, 'We're going to have great fun today—we'll mow the lawn.' 'Yes, we will,' he answered promptly, 'and I'll watch.' Out here you all seem to be mowing—and those who merely watch are few.

"Another characteristic I shall report back East to your honor is straightforwardness. There aren't a number of conventional corners that have to be turned before a man gets to his desired goal. And your tolerance is a continuous joy. Even the windows are open toward the sunshine and toward the truth. And probably it was only coincidence—but it may have been more than coincidence—that if (as we sometimes do on a Sunday-school blackboard) you take the initials of these four traits, warm-heartedness, enthusiasm, straightforwardness and tolerance, and put them together, you will find them spelling the word 'west.' It must be that these are what you are."

A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN AT WALLA WALLA.

Walla Walla, Wash., June 17, 1912.

Editor The Pacific:

You have doubtless noticed the successful completion of the campaign for $200,000. We had a remarkable meeting Saturday to finish that part of the job. We had announced that Saturday would close the campaign through the "teams"—sixty men had been working four weeks. We started the day with pledges amounting to $190,894 in hand. Our committee of bankers had estimated a shrinkage of $8000, so we had $208,000 to raise before we could secure the $200,000 and know that the college could continue to live and remain in Walla Walla. Before we adjourned Saturday night we had $211,890.

Commencement time is a time of great rejoicing. The largest class in the history of Whitman is graduated—thirty. The college and the town are knit together as they never have been before, and the way is now open to obtain substantial aid from the outside.

ONE OF THE WORKERS.

Thou shalt have sun and showers from heaven above,
Thou shalt have flower and thorn from earth below,
Thine shall be foe to hate and friend to love,
Pleasures that others gain, the ills they know—
And all in a life-time. — Stedman.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.—Rogers.

Among the Churches.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Eleven persons were welcomed into fellowship at the last communion service, one on confession.

Field's Landing and Falk.—These churches had the pleasure of having Superintendent Rathbone with them on June the 16th. It was of great encouragement to pastor and people.

Fresno, First.—The call to the pastorate extended to the Rev. Thomas T. Giffen, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary in June, has been accepted, and Mr. Giffen will enter on the work in September.

Berkeley, First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday morning by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary; the following Sunday by Rev. J. K. Green of Constantinople; and on July the 8th by Dean Norton of Pomona College.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—Communion was observed Sunday morning. Thirteen were received into the church, all on confession. Five were baptized by sprinkling, three by immersion. This makes 38 that have united with the church during the past six months, 23 on confession and 15 by letter. The pastor, Rev. A. B. Snider, and family will spend their vacation near Portland, Oregon. Rev. J. M. Barber of Forest Grove, Oregon, will supply the Bethlehem church during the pastor's absence.

Pasadena, First.—Eleven persons were received into membership June 2, five of these on confession. Plans are being made for renovating and decorating the interior of the church and social hall during the summer vacation. The Children's Day exercises were held in the late afternoon as a vesper service this year, and were unusually beautiful. The matter of additional accommodations for the Bible school is beginning to be a problem, the school having grown so rapidly during the past few months that it now taxes the capacity of auditorium and class rooms.

WORK IN THE CHINESE MISSIONS IN THE BAY REGION.

About two months ago, "The Pacific" reported a series of union evangelistic services for the Chinese of San Francisco, following the Gipsy Smith meetings and the Men and Religion Forward Movement.

As a result of the Chinese meetings, more than 150 conversions were reported. Encouraged by the success of this effort, the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian missions for the Chinese in Oakland, have united in a week's special services, held at each mission house in turn. None of the places of meeting was adequate to contain the numbers who came, and the crowded conditions greatly hindered the distribution and signing of cards, as well as personal work. While the results were naturally not so great as in the San Francisco meetings, yet there has been a good degree of interest and a gratifying list of conversions, the number of which we are not yet able to report. The newly arrived Chinese Baptist pastor, from Canton, has been a great help in the meetings. Pastor Chin Toy, of our San Francisco church, in speaking of the recent increased susceptibility of the Chinese to religious impressions, says: "Ever since the revolution, the minds of the Chinese have been aroused. They are ready to listen to the Gospel as never before. Those who used to talk against Christianity, dare not do it now." May the Christian churches both Chinese and American also be aroused to meet the opportunity!

TO THE PASTORS OF CALIFORNIA.

Those who received petitions calling for a ballot on the Weekly Rest Day bill were directed to return them to the proper cusodian at each county seat by July 1st. The time for canvassing for signatures has been extended to July 15th. Not later than Monday, the 15th of July, let all petitions be sent to the person indicated upon the printed directions. And the custodian at the county seat is requested to file them with the County Clerk by the 17th of 18th of July.

Unless 31,000 signatures of registered voters are filed with the county clerks before the 20th of July the whole movement will be a failure. When a Sunday rest bill was before the legislature we sent blank petitions to 1000 California pastors. Only one hundred and fifty were returned and they contained but 5000 signatures. Yet a few thousand Adventists in the state sent in a petition of over 35,000 names. It is up to the pastors and churches to say within the next few weeks whether they favor a weekly rest day sufficiently to work for it. If the printed instructions sent out by authority of the joint committee of sixteen men representing equally northern and southern California are faithfully followed, success will crown our efforts in the enactment of one of the best weekly rest day laws in the Union. Let all the canvassers resolve on getting from one hundred to five hundred or more names and carry out the printed directions sent them to the letter.

G. L. TUFTS, Supt.

THE ANTI-PRIZEFIGHTING AMENDMENT.

By J. E. Squires, Secretary Reform Bureau.

The International Reform Bureau has planned to secure the required number of signatures of voters in California that an amendment to the constitution of the state can be had absolutely forbidding all prizefighting in the state.

The measure was brought before the Church Federation of San Francisco on Monday evening, June 24th, and approved with great enthusiasm.

The pastors of the churches all over the state will be asked to take the lead in seeing that a sufficient number of names be secured (about 33,000 needed) to get same on ballot in November. All persons who have registered since Jan. 1, 1912, are eligible both to circulate petitions and sign same. A copy of following petition and instructions will be sent each pastor.

HUMBOLDT ASSOCIATION.

The regular spring meeting of the Humboldt Association of Congregational Churches met in Ferndale on Wednesday, June 19th.

Rev. K. K. Clark was elected moderator and M. W.

Meserve registrar and treasurer. Eight churches were represented by pastors and delegates.

The general theme, "Forward Movement in Congregationalism," with its sub-topics of Forward Movements in Evangelism, Sunday Schools, Ministry and for Christ and the Church made the sessions not only interesting but inspirational. Rev. L. D. Rathbone's address in the evening fittingly brought to a climax the sentiment and spirit of the services.

The association voted unanimously to arrange with the secretaries of our societies to represent their work in the churches of Humboldt county.

The meeting was a success in regard both to present fellowship and forward outlook for future work in the churches. M. W. MESERVE, Registrar.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

June 17th this year was an unusually notable day at Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin. Probably the most interesting special feature was the presentation of portraits of six of the alumni of the College who have rendered noteworthy service in missionary and educational work, one of the six being Rev. James D. Eaton, D. D., of the class of 1869. This is a deserved tribute to his worth paid during his life time. Dr. Eaton has been engaged in missionary work in the province of Chihuahua, northern Mexico, for the past thirty years. Recently his physician has insisted that for the sake of his health, having a weak heart, he must leave Mexico and seek a milder climate. Hence he has resigned his position and hereafter will make his home in California.

The First Congregational Church of this city has a special interest in Dr. Eaton, as his first pastorate was here. Graduated at Beloit College in 1869, and at Andover in 1872 (first year in Chicago Theological Seminary), he spent several months in postgraduate work in Yale, and accepted a call to this church in November, was ordained in Wisconsin December 8th, arrived in Portland January 1, 1873, and preached the first time on January 5th. In 1874 he effected an exchange with Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D. D., Montclair, N. J., which began on May 1, and ended on November 1. He returned to Portland on December 17. On May 2, 1875, he went to San Francisco and returned to Portland with a wife in the person of Miss Gertrude Pratt, of Montclair, to whom he was married in the First Church of San Francisco by Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D. This was the sequel to his exchange with Dr. Bradford. Dr. Eaton's pastorate ended with April 30, 1876. Soon after he was called to the pastorate of a small church at Bound Brook, N. J., and continued in that relation until 1882, when he was appointed by the American Board superintendent of the mission work in northern Mexico, made possible by the Otis bequest. This has been an unusually successful work, and has called forth on the part of Dr. Eaton administrative ability of a high order.

Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman, D. D., who was pastor of this church from September 27, 1896, for five years, and soon afterwards was called to the Center Church, Torrington, Connecticut, resigned that pastorate a few months ago, and now has accepted a call to the First Church at Natick, Massachusetts.

The Jason Lee Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church was dedicated at Salem last Sunday. This is a handsome stone church and has been erected at a cost of $25,000. Rev. Jason Lee was the first minister to enter the "Oregon country," the date when he crossed the Rocky mountains being about the first of July, 1834. His first sermon was at the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Vancouver, September 28, 1834, when he "preached to a mixed congregation of English, French, Scotch, Irish, Indians, Americans, halfbreeds, Japanese, etc., some of whom did not understand five words of English. Found it extremely difficult to collect my thoughts," he says in his diary, now in my custody, "or find language to express them, but am thankful that I have been permitted to plead the cause of God on this side of the Rocky mountains where the banners of Christ were never before unfurled."

The fortieth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association took place last Thursday in this city. There were more than one thousand pioneers present and their ages ranged from the youngest, fifty-three years old, to the oldest, ninety-five years of age. No one can be a member of the Association who came to the Pacific Coast later than 1859. Among those present were Cyrus Hamlin Walker, son of Rev. Elkanah and Mrs. Mary Richardson Walker, born at the Whitman Mission Dec. 7, 1838; Hon. Edwin Eells, son of Rev. Cushing and Mrs. Myra Fairbanks Eels, born at Fort Colville, in 1841; and Captain Willian Polk Gray, son of William Henry and Mrs. Mary Augusta Dix Gray, born at Oregon City July 26, 1845, all three families being missionaries of the American Board to the Oregon Indians in 1838. William H. Gray came out with Dr. Marcus Whitman as "Assistant Missionary" in 1836.

Portland, June 23, 1912.

ANNUAL MEETING OF WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The annual meeting of the Northern California Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific was held at Palo Alto June 6, 1912.

The meeting was called to order at 12 o'clock by the President, Miss L. N. Richards, and the hour before luncheon was devoted to the reading of reports.

First came the report of the Recording Secretary, Miss H. G. Merriam, who told of the semi-annual meeting with the W. H. M. U. at Plymouth Church, Oakland, Jan. 18, 1912, where an interesting program was given. She also called attention to the meetings of the Executive Committee of the N. C. Branch, on the first Thursday of each month, at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, and said visitors were very welcome, and much insight into the work was to be gained by attendance.

Next came the report of the Treasurer, Mrs. E. V. Krick, of a grand total for the year of $6488.45 for regular and special work.

Field Secretary, Mrs. G. W. Hinman, gave extracts from many encouraging letters, the keynote of most of them being inspiration received from the visits of Miss Allen, of the Girls' School at Brousa, Turkey, who in one month addressed thirty-three societies in twenty-eight different places.

Secretary of Literature, Mrs. R. C. Young, reported total receipts from literature $5,165. She had mailed fifty-one packages and written one hundred and thirteen letters during the year, besides selling a large number of calendars. She called attention to, and asked subscriptions for, the missionary publications.

Mrs. E. W. Piper, Secretary of Cradle Roll, had a goodly

increase to report, and Mrs. H. G. Chappell had sent two Christmas boxes, and one on April 29th, to Micronesia, and is now preparing one for Brousa, Turkey, to be shipped July 1st. The things sent were nearly all new and useful, and she felt very happy to have had her appeal so well responded to, and especially thanked Petaluma for their generous contribution.

Mrs. W. C. Morken of the Hospitality Committee told of good work done in welcoming coming and speeding outgoing missionaries.

Mrs. R. K. Ham, chairman of the nominating committee, read the names of the officers for the comnig year, and congratulated the society upon being able to retain those who had served so ably in the past, and also upon two new vice-presidents, Mrs. A. B. Patton of Sacramento and Miss Kathrine Douglas of Humboldt, and two additions to the advisory committee, Mrs. Chas. F. Aked of San Francisco and Mrs. Herbert A. Jump of Oakland. The secretary was instructed to cast the ballot for the same. The president of the Board of the Pacific, Mrs. R. B. Cherington, closed the morning session with greetings from the Board, in a stirring message, saying, "Now is the crucial time, and missionary work must no longer be considered a side issue, but the work." This was responded to by Mrs. Eli King who assured us a most hearty welcome from the church at Palo Alto, which proved its sincerity by serving a most delicious luncheon immediately after.

The afternoon devotional was led by Mrs. D. H. Barber who urged the necessity of taking time to be holy, and having confidence in the promises of God, which was followed by prayer by Mrs. Perkins.

A very interesting Round Table, led by Mrs. J. E. Beel, told of many novel ways of conducting meetings, which had aroused enthusiasm and met with success.

Mrs. G. W. Hinman, the Foreign Secretary, told of two new workers in Japan and one in Turkey, and read extracts from missionaries' letters. One from Miss Hill said the Doshisha building was going forward well, and many new girls were being added to the school. She asked for prayers for help with her Bible class of girls, and said prayer was what missionaries most needed in that non-Christian atmosphere. Miss Hannah Woodhull, who with her sister had spent twenty-five years in devoted service at Foo Chow, China, told of the small beginning there that has developed into such splendid work.

Miss Marion Coyle and Miss Wilcox added to the enjoyment of the meeting with two beautiful solos.

Mrs. C. A. Kofoid stated the problem of the relations of the young woman to the Branch and considered her absence something to be greatly deplored. She thought the society would help her and she would be of great benefit to it.

Mrs. Owen stated the same problems from the standpoint of a teacher. She gave time as the reason for lack of interest, but also thought teachers and business women could be drawn into parts of the work to their mutual benefit, and gave as an example the effective work accomplished by them during the suffrage campaign. The most interesting part of the discussion was from the standpoint of a college student and a student volunteer. It was presented by Miss Wagner of Stanford University.

Miss Jewett of Mills College told of the work of the Tolman Band and proved beyond question the varied interests of herself and associates along all lines of work for the betterment of mankind, physically, morally, mentally and spiritually, "beginning at Jerusalem" and reaching to the uttermost parts of the world.

The meeting closed with an address, "The New Woman in China," by Rev. Ng Poon Chew. He began by saying, "A Chinese woman has a will the same as any other woman, if she wills to have it," and proved before his conclusion that in many cases she was so willing.

The Home.

THE MAN WHO SMILED

There was once a man who smiled
Because the day was bright;
Because he slept at night,
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child!
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run;
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth—he smiled.

He smiled because the sky
Was high above his head;
Because the rose was red,
Because the past was dead;
He never wondered why
The Lord had blundered so,
That all things have to go
The wrong way here below
The overarching sky.

He toiled, and still was glad,
Because the air was free;
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love, and he,
Shared all the joys they had.
Because the grasses grew,
Because the sweet winds blew;
Because that he could, hew
And hammer, he was glad.

TEMPER VS. NEW THOUGHT

Much is constantly written about the evils of modern life, its strenuousness and nerve-racking propensities, but little is said of its advantages.

The same thing is true about the development of the modern woman. Many improvements have been quietly effected in the feminine character without attracting favorable comment, but oceans of ink and mountains of paper have been used in criticsm of the sad exhibitions that a few misguided enthusiasts of the woman movement have been guilty of.

Commenting recently upon the development of her sex along certain lines, a charming woman gave great credit to the new thought ideas that have taken such possession of the modern woman. She said that they have been of enormous benefit to women in that they made the everyday relations of life more agreeable.

She pointed out the scarcity of temperish women as a shining example of what the new-though mental science

cults have done for her sex. In other days, she said, it was a common thing to meet women of violent temper. In our grandmothers' time the old-fashioned virago flourished with none to hinder her. She held her household in awe and subjection; she managed the affairs of all her relations far and near by the somewhat questionable possession of a violent temper.

She even went so far as to frequently throw herself into such fits of passion that the family physician was called in to manage the situation by administering medicine of soothing quality. She was a power in the land and church, feared by all, but loved by few.

What has happened to the woman of temper? Every one can remember some such example of this vigorous type which darkened her childish horizon with its threatening figure, but in modern days she is rarely met with.

It may be the effect of the new thought doctrine with its sweet adjustment of mortal difficulties, or it may be that the present-day woman has come to realize the absurdity of anger and its beauty destroying power, but the fact remains that normal women are no longer addicted to flying into violent rages. They have too much respect for their complexions to indulge n this form of dissipation.

Temper is no doubt still existent, but it is temper controlled, and if she finds her new thought cults defective in helping her to curb her rage the modern woman has another method of subduing her demons.

She indulges in the soothing comfort of a scientific shampoo or the refreshing joy of a good massage. All the lines of rising wrath are soothed from her face by the educated finger of the trained masseur, while the very crinking in her soul disappear beneath her magic touch.

"When everything in life goes wrong, when the temper within you begins to stir and growl go to some good masseur, and you will soon find that your rage is calmed and your poise restored," is advice that every woman should consider.

"But," exclaims the woman of small income, "this is rather expensive advice for most women, and only those fortunate enough to possess money can indulge it."

But in this she is wrong. It is precisely the woman of small income whose life is swamped in a thousand irritating details, who must scrmp and scrape to make both ends meet, whose temper is always on edge because of the constant demands made upon her, whose heart is frequently sore because her purse falls so far short of her desires that needs the economy of an hour's rest in the hands of a good masseur, and the complete relaxation that the treatment brings.

It would be better for her if she would manipulate her household expenses so that she goes one degree further in her absorbing art of saving a penny here and there, and give herself this indulgence. She surely merits it, and in the end it will make for the comfort of every member of her household, and even assist her scheme of economy by giving her a fresher brain and a more far-seeing eye for the battle.

Better cut her table down, dispense with the third or even second vegetable, restrict the frequency of rich and flesh-producing desserts, and give her family instead a smiling and unruffled mistress of the house. This is sane advice, for nearly every American family eats too much, and there are many wise women who are quietly following it, consequently the woman of violent temper is rapidly disappearing, and in her place we have the well-poised woman of modern life.

THE LEGEND OF THE PITCHER OF TEARS

Many days a stricken mother,
To her lot unreconciled,
Wept hot, bitter tears, complaining,
"Cruel death has stolen my child."

But one night, as she was sleeping,
To her soul there came a vision,
And she saw her little daughter
In the blessed fields Elysian.

All alone the child was standing,
And a heavy pitcher holding.
Swift the mother hastened to her,
Close around her arms infolding.

"Why so sad and lonely, darling?"
Asked she, stroking soft her hair.
"See the many merry children
Playing in the garden fair.

Look, they're beckoning and calling:
Go and help them pluck the flowers.
Put aside the heavy pitcher:
Dance away the sunny hours."

From the tender lips a quiver
Fell the answer on her ears:
"On the earth my mother's weeping,
And this pitcher holds her tears.

Tears that touch the heavenly blossoms
Fell the answer on her ears:
So as long as she is weeping,
I must stand and catch them all."

"Wait no longer," cried the dreamer:
"Run and play, sweet child of mine:
Never more shall tears of sorrow
Spoil your happiness divine."

Like a bird released from bondage
Sped the happy maid away;
And the dreamer woke, her courage
Strengthened for each lonely day.

—Mary Amsden Burroughs.

Our Young People

FAIR AND SQUARE

By Sydney Dare

"There they go! Just my luck!"

Robert, busy dusting shelves in the china store in which he was employed, turned with a dismayed face at sound of a crash behind him. The sound had reached others, too, and Mr. Carter, his employer, came with an angry face.

"How did it happen?" he asked, sharply.

"I s'pose I piled 'em up in a hurry, and left them too near the edge of the shelf. I'm sorry—"

"What's the use of being sorry? This makes about five breakages you've had in the month you've been here, hey?"

"I guess it does," said Robert ruefully.

"Well, that's too many for me. It's a good thing these are cheap stuff, but it might have been fine china, and it would have geen just the same with you. I guess you'd better get work somewhere else."

It was hard on Robert, for he feared it would be difficult to find another situation; and this fear was justified, as he walked weary miles without a clerk.

One afternoon, as he passed by his old place, he saw, within, the proprietor of the store much interested in showing a lady a set of china displayed in a window. The interview seemed about at an end, for she soon came out and Robert was unable to judge whether she had or had not bought the set.

He walked slowly on for a few moments in deep thought; then he turned and made his way back to the store.

"Mr. Jackson, I just stepped in to tell you that two pieces of china in that set have little cracks," he said. "They don't show unless you look close, but there they are. I knocked two pieces together when I was moving them."

Mr. Jackson looked at the boy for a few moments before speaking. "Why did you come and tell me this?" he asked at length.

"Well, I thought I wouldn't at first. I thought it didn't make much difference to you, because likely nobody would see the cracks. But as I thought more of it, I thought it would make a difference to me. My father used to talk a good deal to me about always being fair and square. He said it was worse for the one that did a tricky thing than for the one you did it to."

"Then," as Mr. Jackson waited, Robert went on, "some one who bought that set might see the cracks and blame you. Or you might have another boy and blame it on him, and that wouldn't be fair and square on him. So I thought I'd better let you know. When I get another job I'll pay the damage just as soon as I can."

"Wait," said Mr. Jackson, as Robert, thinking all was said that need be said, was turning to go. "What's the reason," he went on, half laughing, "that you can't keep those clumsy hands of yours in better order?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Robert shook his head. "They have a way of going at things with a rush, and first thing I know they bring me into trouble. But I guess I'll have to train 'em down, and I mean to. Good-morning."

"Stay," said the other. "I've had a good deal to do with boys and I wish they all felt as you do about the 'fair and square' business. They don't, more's the pity. But I think I'd rather run my risks on one of that sort, even if he does happen to have hands that seem all made of thumbs; so, if you want to come back, we'll try it again."—The Yougn Christian Soldier.

THE OLDEST DOLLY IN THE WORLD

"She's so old" Comfort said a little crossly. "An' so lapidated all over!"

"Well, why not? She's been lap'ed so much, remarked the big boy, who made jokes and laughed at them himself. The big boy was Comfort's brother.

I'I don't believe ther ever was such an old doll as Diana-of the-'Phesians is," lamented the little mother-voice, ruefully. She was holding the poor dolly up for the aunties to see, and the aunties both laughed. The curly-haired auntie held out her hand for the doll. "Poor Diana-of-the-'Phesians Smith!" she said gently. "She does look old, and as if she'd met perils by land and by sea"—

"Yes'm, she has,—both of 'em," said Comfort, briskly. "She's been earthquaked and drownded, an' once she caught a sunstroke. An' I guess she's 'most a hundred years old!"

"The doll I saw last summer was twenty-two hundred years old," the smooth-haired auntie quietly remarked.

"Twenty-two hundred years old!" Comfort's shrill, astonished little voice chimed in.

"Twenty-two centuries!" cried the big boy, in big-boy language. The curly-haired auntie looked just a little bit amazed, too. Certainly, that was a most remarkably old doll!

"I'spose she b'longed to Mr. Methuselah's little girls, but I shouldn't s'pose you'd have seen her," mumured Comfort.

The "Smooth Auntie,"—that was Comfort's name, because she had such smooth, shiny brown hair,—the Smooth Auntie smiled. She took dilapidated little Diana-of-the-'Phesians Smith into her arms, and rocked her as if she had been a baby.

"Yes, as old as that,—possibly a little older. She wasn't very handsome, of course. You couldn't expect such an old, old dolly as that to be handsome. They told me—the people who take care of her—that she is the oldest doll in the world."

"Why, auntie,—why!"

"Dearie me!" murmured the curly auntie.

The big boy whistled.

"Has she—is her little girl-mamma 'live to see to her?" Comfort queried in rather an awed tone. She always felt awed in front of very old people,—and twenty-two hundred years old!

"No, auntie said gravely. "Her little girl-mamma died three centuries before Christ, Comfort. She was a little princess and lived in Egypt. When she died, they wrapped her little body in soft, strange wrappings that kept it all these twenty-two centuries just the same."

"Little girl-mummy, muttered the big boy to himself.

"Yes a baby-mummy. And, when they opened her tomb,—people of this century,—they found the old, old dolly held tight in the little princess's hand. She had held it there twenty-two hundred years!"

"Oh!" breathed Comfort, very softly. She reached out for Diana-of-the-'Phesians, and clasped her in her arms. Her face was very tender and loving. Diana-of-the-'Phesians seemed suddenly very young indeed, and very dear.

"The princess's dolly is made of wood,—rudely cut out. It is little and homely, but the little princess loved it."

"Oh, yes: she loved it," Comfort whispered.

"It is the British Museum now," the Smooth Auntie went on. "They keep it among the sacred relics; and there it lies under the glass, looking up at this queer, unfamiliar world of to-day. If it could feel, how it would wonder where its little dark-faced mother was!"

"An' how lonesome it would feel!" finished Comfort, softly. "Poor little dolly!" Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Primary Education.

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